



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

# The Deadliest Bounty Hunter in the Galaxy



starwars

scifi

fanfiction

49 1 4

## Chapter 1 by Brendan Parker

Five standard years had passed since the rise of the Galactic Empire. I sat in a Cantina on the planet of Ryloth, listening to my most recent employer as he made his pitch.

"I'll pay you fifteen thousand credits now, two hundred thousand when the job is done."

I scoffed. With that many credits I could practically buy my own planet. "Who is it you want me to kill, the Emperor himself?"

The wealthy looking twi'lek didn't change his expression. I raised my eyebrows. "Wait, you don't seriously want me to kill the Emperor, do you?"

He shook his head. "No, although that would perhaps be an easier task than the one I have in mind."

"Huh," I exclaimed, a perplexed look on my face. "Who then?"

His eyes met mine. "Why, the Emperor's mad dog of course. The slayer of Jedi. The prince of darkness."

The cantina seemed to grow colder as he said the words. I knew who he spoke of. I knew him well. "Darth Vader."

He nodded. "I can give you a time and location. The rest will be up to you."

I nodded. The job he had just offered me was insane. And yet, it was one that I could not pass up.

Some wounds never healed. I left my seat, took my blaster from the table, along with a hard drive that contained the information he had promised. I slipped the drive into a pocket on the inside of my cloak, then stood up to

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

"I have to say," the twi'lek added, just as I was walking towards the door. "I'd never have expected a former clone soldier to be in the bounty hunting business."

I stopped in my tracks, my cloak billowing around me from the harsh wind blowing in through the doors of the cantina. "Everyone needs a hobby," I grunted.

"Do you still remember your digits?" He asked.

I was quickly tiring of our little chat, but I decided to indulge him one final time. "I believe they were... CT-7567." I paused, then looked back at him over my shoulder. "But most people just called me: Captain Rex."

## Chapter 2 by Mario Castiel



I walk into my ship and I find Gregor and Wolfe playing Dejarik.

I drop the bag of credits on the middle of the table.

"Hey! What are yo-" Gregor says until he realizes those are actually credits.

"Who's our target? Must be really important if it's this many credits." Wolfe commented.

I said that it was the emperor's right-hand man.

Lord Vader himself.

"Ha! you aren't serious. Wait. You are. Didn't know you had a death wish." said Gregor

I said that we could try, we have fought with him before so we know how to counter his moves.

But first we should get better weapons. We should go to the Hutts in Tatooine, they probably have high-grade black market weapons.

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Flag a mature receive feedback

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account